



APRIL is a strange month, my hearers, and, I may add, a month that has caused a good deal of remark, especially in poetry. For my own part, I rather prefer her predecessor March, a strong, vigorous month as you know, one that speaks his own mind, and knocks boys and girls about in good belaboring fashion. But April is different, a sort of weather-and-water month, so to speak — or to be more poetical, she is a blue-eyed, weepative, yet laughing thing, rather difficult to depend upon unless she feels like it.

And now, suppose we take up the case of a dear little boy who puzzles himself over many things and often asks conundrums without knowing it.

He is a pet of our friend Bessie Chandler who sends you this little song about him; and, as you may suppose, she is very fond of the little fellow:

THE TUNKUNTEL.

“WHAT is a Tunkuntel?” he asked,
 “And have you got one here?
 Why don’t you let me play with it?
 And why is it so dear?”

“A Tunkuntel,” I vaguely said,
 “I’ve really never seen.
 Is it a kind of animal?
 I don’t know what you mean.”

“Oh, yes, you do! Don’t tell me that!
 You know it very well,
 For you always say you love me,
 More than a Tunkuntel.”

SWEEPING A TREE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If I had not seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed that trees not only need sweeping sometimes, but get swept. As I crossed Washington Square, here in New York, one morning, I saw a man vigorously brushing the trunk of an elm with a broom made of stiff wires, and, of course,

I stopped to investigate the subject. The sweeper was affable, and in answer to my question told me he was waging war against the caterpillars that had snugly bestowed themselves for the winter in the crevices of the bark. On looking more closely, I saw what appeared to be many bits of soiled cotton-wool. Each one of these rolls of fuzz, I learned, had contained a caterpillar, and later, became the abiding place of countless eggs which only awaited the warm rays of the sun to hatch out into wriggling young leaf-destroyers. “So you see, Miss,” said my informant, “in order to save the trees, we have sometimes to give them a sweeping.”

My curiosity gratified, I walked on, leaving him engaged in his singular but useful occupation.

Please show this letter to your young congregation, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and believe me,

Yours truly,

AGNES L. SLADE.

PICKEREL FROM THE SKY.

“OH, oh, Mr. Jack!” you may think or exclaim reproachfully as I announce this item. But do not be shocked, my beloved, you are going to hear only a true story.

You see, this is how it was: Deacon Green found in a newspaper the statement that a lady walking in the town of Newburyport, Mass., had been startled by a live pickerel falling at her feet, as if it had been tossed to her from the sky; and that she had taken the fish home, cooked it, and eaten it for her breakfast.

Thereupon, that dear Little School-ma’am, who would n’t doubt the Deacon for the world, cast about in her mind as to what to do next. Suddenly it occurred to her that Harriet Prescott Spofford, the poet and author, lived at Newburyport. And so, the dear little soul, instead of bothering the Deacon with tedious details, straightway wrote to Mrs. Spofford, and in time received the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND: The incident is perfectly true. Mrs. J., crossing the fields from the West Newbury road to the Artichoke Hills, saw a large hawk drop the fish. She picked it up, but, as it flopped, called her husband, who held it for her. It was, of course, alive, and they had it at breakfast the next morning, and it weighed about a pound-and-a-half. There have always been pickerel in the Artichoke, which on one side of the West Newbury road almost loses itself in marshy shallows, but on the other is a mile-long succession of dark, still pools, all overshadowed and painted by the thick, leafy woods among which it winds. Hawks also are a frequent sight all about here, with their beautiful flight. We have eagles, too! A pair of them build up the river beyond the “Laurels,” and come sailing down, and we live in constant dread of the gunners finding them out. One rainy day I saw one of the pair get his talons caught in the chains of the bridge, just on the edge of the island — he was flying low, I suppose, on account of the heavy air — and he hung there with his wide wings stretched almost a minute before he disentangled himself and swept away and was a magnificent picture on the gray sky.

While driving on my way to verify the pickerel story, my faithful old Michael, whose word I would take as soon as any one’s in the whole world, said that when a boy in Ireland he had many a time seen a raven drop by accident the egg it had stolen, and then turn over and tumble and catch the egg again before it could reach the ground! I believe it because Michael says so.

Yours, H. P. S.

BRAVE LITTLE SAILORS OF THE AIR.

DEAR JACK: Will you please show your great big crowd of boys and girls (me among them) this paragraph which I copy from the *Portland Transcript* for the 10th of December last? D. T.

Thousands of goldcrests annually cross and recross the North Sea at the wildest period of the year, and, unless the weather is rough, generally make their migrations in safety. And yet this is the smallest and frailest British bird—a mere fluff of feathers, and weighing only seventy grains.

Good! Take courage, then, my little folk, my weak ones, and all who having but little strength yet seem to have long and difficult paths before you. That there are human goldcrests, we may be sure.

THAT UNFORTUNATE GRASSHOPPER.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the November ST. NICHOLAS, Benjamin Webster told of a dead grasshopper clinging to a stalk of goldenrod. I can give no explanation as to how the insect came there, or why he stayed there after death; but write to tell you that I found a grasshopper in exactly the same fix last summer.

However, my grasshopper was not in favor of the goldenrod, for he clung to some stiff weed whose name I cannot give. E. O. E.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have learned from good authority the probable cause of the grasshopper being found dead and stuck to that stem of a goldenrod.

Grasshoppers in the late autumn are subject to a fungous disease, and this grasshopper may have jumped up there, and having died of some fungous disease, stuck there, as flies will stick to a window-pane after being dead from a similar cause. ERNEST FORBES.

Very good, boys. And here is still another letter which undoubtedly bears upon the case in hand:

FLIES DO SOMETIMES DIE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brothers and I were so much interested in the stiff-grasshopper picture that accompanied B. Webster's letter of last November, that we have tried to learn something more about the matter. The most satisfactory thing we came across was a short article copied from the *London Globe* which, while it did n't mention grasshoppers at all, either stiff or nimble, threw a good deal of light upon our subject. The article said, in substance, that house-flies, like many other insects, are subject to the attacks of a parasitic fungus which destroys great numbers of them, especially toward the end of autumn. We sometimes see the victims glued to the window-panes in the attitude of life, with legs widely spread and wings raised as if in preparation for flight, but with a white halo on the glass all round them, and with bodies pale and distended. The spores of the fungus, which are exceedingly minute and are present in the air, have been carried against the fly's body, and such as struck its under surface had adhered, when each spore had sent out a long tubular projection, which penetrated the skin and body.

Once established, the parasite-fungus meets with suitable nourishment in the various fluids of the fly's

* See page 83 of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1890.

body, by aid of which it will speedily multiply itself until its victim, drained of its life's support, finally dies. The thread-like tube first produces a series of detached, rounded bodies. These cells, which have an indefinite power of self-multiplication, are carried by the blood to all parts of the body, and thus the disease spreads.

The particular species of fungus which makes havoc with the house-flies is called *Empusa muscæ*, and is one of a group which are distinguished by their habit of subsisting upon living insects. Under its attack the fly becomes gradually feebler, and finally quite unable to move; and then the viscid secretion upon the pads of the feet hardens and glues the insect to the surface to which it is clinging, while the fungus spreads round it and leaves some of its spores adhering so as to form the halo above described.

HENRY C. E.—.

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT in the world does this picture represent? All I know about it is that the ST. NICHOLAS artist requested me to show it to you, and when I asked him what it was, he disrespectfully called me a landlubber.

I repeat, what is it? Is it fireworks? Is it a baseball-bat lunatic asylum? Is it a wild flower that has no idea how to behave itself; or what is it? If any of you really know, pray write to your



distracted Jack. I've asked the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am, and though they evidently know all about it, they simply smile and reply: "Ask the children."

Now, there remains, it appears, one more open question which this congregation has not yet settled:

AN ANSWER REQUESTED.

DEAR JACK: I want to know if you think that horses, cows, dogs, and cats, etc., have languages of their own, and can understand each other's language, and also what proof can you give to support your opinion? Your interested reader, FANNIE S. B.—.

Jack has his own opinion on this question, Miss Fanny,—but before replying he would like first to hear from a few hundred of his observing young hearers and investigators.



HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to send you a beautiful patriotic *poem*, written by my little nine-year-old brother. He composed it one night after being put to bed, as he could not get to sleep. He entitled it "War," but now wishes he had named it "They are Coming," which seems more appropriate, there not being much war about it.

GERTRUDE DU B—.

WAR.

THEY are coming, they are coming,
To destroy our native land:
They are coming, they are coming,
From every shore and strand.
They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the
night,
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all take flight.

They are coming, they are coming,
With all their swords erect,
They are coming, they are coming,
Ourselves we must protect.
They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the
night,
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all prepare to
fight.

They 're upon us, they 're upon us,
Oh, help us every one!
We 'll be murdered! We 'll be murdered!
The father and the son.
And now we must prepare to flee
Across the meadow and the lea.

COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is out west, in Columbus, Ohio, and I write to tell you of a boy's good luck, or rather of the generous hearts of some of our inhabitants.

In the *Dispatch*, a newspaper published here, there was a picture of Santa Claus, and the one who collected the most of these would receive a little Shetland pony. Mama gave the most of ours to children who came

around to collect them, as Perin and I already have a pony and cart.

There is a little cripple boy who sits in a small wagon in front of my uncle's office; he has never stood upon his feet; he sells papers, supporting his mother, little sister, and little brother. Many persons buy papers of him and give him twenty-five cents or fifty and do not wait for the change. This little cripple boy collected 167,430 of these coupons and received the pony.

A little girl had collected three thousand of the coupons and gave them all to him. A gentleman gave him a little wagon, another the harness, another the fur robe and whip, another a whole suit of clothes.

Every one was delighted that this poor little cripple boy should receive the prize, and I think he never before had such a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your respectful reader, MINNIE M. M—.

FORT COLLINS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven or eight years, but have never written you a letter.

I have been attending the Agricultural College at this place since last September, and like it very much. There are about ninety students in attendance, but about half of them live in town. The dormitory has room for about thirty boys.

We have the regular Government uniform, light-blue trousers and dark-blue blouse.

The college grounds cover one hundred and sixty acres, so we have plenty of room to move around in.

My home is in Denver, where I go sometimes to spend Sunday, as I get a little homesick if I have to stay at school all the time, and Denver is only ninety miles away. From your best friend,
J. S. D.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your story about "The Boy Settlers," because I live right here at Dixon where they started from.

My grandpa, P. M. Alexander, has lived here fifty

years and knows Mr. Brooks very well, and my grandpa lived in Father Dixon's family for some time. I go very often to the store of the Mr. Brubaker, who was mentioned in the first chapter; and Artie in your "Boy Emigrants" is Captain Upham of the United States Army, who lives near us this winter.

I am too young to write more, as I am only seven years old. Your little friend, LEX. ALEXANDER.

WILD CLIFF, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my visit to Nantucket, last summer. I went with Aunt Lill, who has a house there. We went on the "Puritan," one of the finest boats on the Fall River line. We had Aunt Lill's dog with us; its name is Cleopatra, but it is called Pat. I was very glad when I got to Nantucket. All the old houses have a hole in the roof where the women used to sit with their telescopes, watching for the fishing-boats and whaling-vessels. I did not know how to swim when I went there, but after a while I began to learn, because I saw that all the other boys were having a good time in the water. I soon learned to swim, dive, and do all the funny tricks that the other boys did. On one part of the island there is a "toboggan slide," for the use of the bathers, who slide down it into the water. You have to pay ten cents for a bath-house, and ten cents for the toboggan. I had a friend called Jack, a *very* nice boy, and his mother took me to a place called Walwinet, in a sail-boat. Another day she invited me to go with them to Siasconset, and allowed me to drive half the way back. There is a man called the town-crier, who goes around ringing a bell, and calling out in a loud voice that there is great surf at the south shore, or an auction in the town, or a fire somewhere, or anything else that does not happen every day. In September my brother Wallace came to Nantucket, and then we had lots of fun. We gathered such pretty shells, and stones, and many other curious things.

I wish I could go to Egypt, as Lucy Ellsworth did. My mama has just been reading her diary to us. We all liked it so much. Mama says she has seen her, and that she is a pretty little girl. Good-by, now.

Your little friend, ARTHUR S—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Kingston, N. Y., but am visiting in Hammonton, N. J.

I read your story in the November ST. NICHOLAS about "The Mules and the Electric Car," and now I want to tell you another.

In the house where I am staying there is a large tank to hold water. Once or twice it was found empty. A faucet was found open in the barn and all the water running out, but all the men said they had not left it open. Besides horses there are two old mules. One morning when one of the men opened the barn-door he saw one of the mules go to the faucet, turn on the water with its teeth and take a drink. Then they knew who had done the mischief. Was n't it clever? But it required more than animal intelligence to know enough to turn the water off.

ISABELLA W. C—.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so fond of your magazine that I don't know how I'd get along without you.

I live in Japan and am sixteen years old. Japan is a very interesting country, especially all the Japanese customs. Is n't it funny? At New Year's when you have bought anything in a shop, this shop—I mean the shopkeepers send you a nice present with their card and

wishing you a happy New Year. Very nice things they send, too. For example: a porcelain shop, where we had bought something a little while ago, sent us a very pretty hand-painted Japanese cup and saucer (European shape). Was n't that kind? I wish the shops in America and Europe would be as generous as those in Japan!

Now, I hope this letter will reach its destination.

Good-by, dear ST. NICK. My heartiest thanks for all your interesting stories. Your friend, M. E—.

CALDWELL, KANSAS.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have you bound each year. I read a great deal and could not do without you. Whenever you come there is a great rush, and I claim the right to cut the leaves.

I have a brother Earl, and together we have a pony which we call "Snip." I enjoy riding horseback.

My papa is an experienced hunter, and I enjoy going to hunt with him. We have several bird-dogs and it is so interesting to watch them point at the quail, and then when papa kills the birds, they run to fetch them to us.

Papa used to have a ranch and we used to go to visit it. Earl and I would go on horseback, or out to see the cows get milked. We would go down to the creek and wade in the water sometimes.

Papa has a kodak, to take pictures with, and he takes them quite often.

Mama reads to us often, because my eyes are quite weak, and they hurt when I read at night.

From your loving little friend,

VIRGINIA G—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your constant readers. We all enjoy you very much. At the end of the year we give away the ST. NICHOLAS that we have read, to a hospital; then we get the ones already bound.

I would like to tell you how we spent our holidays this winter. We went to Nashville, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans. About the first thing I did when we arrived at Nashville was to get the ST. NICHOLAS. The capitol here is on a high hill with lovely grounds. From there you have a good view of the city. We visited Mrs. Polk's residence. President Polk is buried in the front yard.

At Montgomery, we went to the capitol. It is a large building on a hill, and was the first capitol of the Confederacy. We saw the oldest house in the city, where Lafayette stayed when he came to the United States. This house is two stories high, and is made out of limestone.

It was lovely at Mobile to see roses blooming in the middle of winter.

I noticed the milk-wagons in New Orleans. These reminded me of Tante Modeste taking Lady Jane riding. We saw the Margaret statue. I think it is erected to the Mother Margaret that is spoken of in "Lady Jane."

We crossed the river from New Orleans to Algiers, and from there rode to a sugar-plantation. Near the mill there were fields of sugar-cane. At the mill we saw the sugar-cane crushed and the juice boiled. It was very interesting. We saw negro-cabins near this plantation.

At our school we have an orchestra that consists of three violins, two flutes, and a piano. I play the violin. I also belong to a quartette. I am still, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your devoted reader, HONORA S—.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen, in your "Letter-box," a letter from St. Paul. Some people think that we have a very hard time in winter, but we do not. There is not one bit of snow to be seen just now. Why,

on Christmas, we had just enough snow to cover the streets. But they had some very cold winters before I came out here. I never saw a city having more hills than St. Paul; I was born in New York City, and lived there until two years ago. I have visited quite a number of cities, but I must say, although I love my birthplace dearly, that I like St. Paul better than any of them. There is so much ground around the houses, and so many trees. In summer, the people visit the surrounding lakes. The schools are closed at present for the holiday vacation, and the lakes, ponds, and rinks are thronged with school children, whose favorite sport is skating.

We have a number of very nice theaters here, and papa and mama have gone this evening to attend the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House.

I like "The Story of the Golden Fleece," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," but "Little Lady Jane"!—why, it's just lovely.

You ought to see the rush that is made for you when you come here! And, remember, if any one wants a good, healthful climate let him come to St. Paul.

Your devoted reader, JULIE M. C—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have spinal-complaint, and have not walked since I was three years old.

I am out a great deal in pleasant weather in my little carriage, and when it is rainy I have my chair close to the window. I used to mind very much not being able to run around like other little girls, but I am getting used to it now and try not to cry when the pain is very bad.

I like "Lady Jane" so much, and I am sorry it is going to end so soon.

A little girl eleven years old ought to write better than this, but you know it is hard, lying so flat, so please excuse it. I am your loving little reader,

PANSY M. M—.

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Vancouver. My grandmama sends you to me for a Christmas present. She lives at St. Klamath. I went there on a visit and had a nice time, for we went to a huckleberry patch, but I ate more than I picked, and it was n't very much use to take me along.

My grandpa shot a large gray wolf in the cow-coral one winter, but it got away through the soft snow, though it was badly wounded.

CLYDE B—.

WHITE OAKS, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old. I live in White Oaks; it is a mining camp. We live 'way up in the mountains.

We have lots of snow up here, and it is snowing while I write. My sister took you for two years, and we both like you very much. I think "The Bells of St. Anne," and the "Golden Casque" are very nice stories; but this is enough for the first time, and I must end.

Your little friend, ROBBIE H. L—.

TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters Amy and Lita and myself thought we would write you a letter. We have five brothers and a dear, sweet mama, and a handsome papa. We live on a small farm, have no near neighbors, so we girls are very much attached to each other.

Amy takes care of the chickens and sells the eggs, and

papa lets her have the money. Lita has some ducks, and I have the three small boys to dress in the morning, for mama is not very well, and we can't afford to keep more than two servants. Well, I will leave the rest for the other girls to write. Your loving and devoted reader,
DONNA T—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The boys are quarreling in the nursery, and Donna has gone in to quiet them. Donna and Amy are twins, but they are just as different as they can be. Donna is the peacemaker, and Amy the one that stirs up all the rows and quarrels. They are fourteen and I am thirteen. These are the first letters that we have ever written, and we hope they will be printed soon. We have great times here, and Amy sells the chickens' eggs, and has the money, and I have the money from the ducks.

But Amy is waiting for her turn and I must stop.

Your admiring reader, LITA T—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if the girls had told you all about us; they have n't left anything for me to tell. We have the dearest donkey named "Cæsar," and a little donkey-cart. Donna has a cat named "Vagabonda," she calls it Vag, and I have a large Newfoundland dog named "Napoleon." My brother Jack calls Donna and me the "sin twisters"; he means the twin sisters.

Lita is the literary member of our family, and Bob is our musician. I must stop now or this letter won't get mailed to-night. Your interested reader,

AMY T—.

WE give herewith the key to the enigmatical letter by "Queen Daisy," printed in the Letter-box of last month:

Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Victoria—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Darling—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Friendly—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Pesth (pest)—Constance—Victoria—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Grace H., Natie B., Gertrude N., Madge McE., Howard M. N., Helen De F. B., Samuel C. S., Willie M., R. W. B., Bessie G., Clinton De W. Jr., Howard F. C., Virgie L. H., Edith S., Geoffrey S. S., Grace S., Matalea W., Ethel C., R. Sherman B., Harry A., Eleanor H. H., Isabel H., Ruth L. S., Alford S., Alice and Gertrude, Linda P., Helen P. M., M. S. A., Carrie B. B., Albert P. T., Katie M. S., Phyllis P., Claribelle W., Mildred L. M., Bertha S., Ogla D., Emmie L. B., Mattie G., Louise F., Lucile P., Jessie F., Louis H. Du B., Susie L. P., Eleanor A. M., R. C. H., Rita D. H., Florence L., Nellie R. M., Dorothy G., Winnie W. C., "Mother Bunch," Mabel H. L., Mary A. McC., Naomi and Kathryn, C. Louise H., Albert D. D., Mary B. H., Elsie D. G., Susie F. H., J. Leggett P., Gladys and "Baby Beth," Claudia W. E., B. Franklin G., U. Erna S., Lucile E. T., Rebecca L. W., Grace May C., Erna H. S., Mollie Lee, E. J. F., James G., Annie and Edith R., Norah R. M., M. H. J., Alice May R., Phyllis S. C., Laura M. D., Cyril T. H., Amy E., Florence S. W., Wm. D., Laura O'B., Frank O. P., R. H. J., Florence B., Yula A. C., Eliza L. W., Vida B., Edith F., Alice G. M., Harold McL., Kenneth, Mollie C. H., H. F., Louis V. M., Harry G. B., Lucy Curran, Roger H. Hovey.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A drunkard. 4. A multitude. 5. A fish resembling the trout. 6. One of the Gorgons. 7. Large wasps. 8. Abridges.
"PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to scribble, and leave to creep. 2. Behead visionary, and leave wood of the pine or fir. 3. Behead a kind of grain, and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead to jolt, and leave a measure of weight. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave to pass over. 6. Behead a refuge, and leave a bower. 7. Behead to count, and leave an African fowl. 8. Behead a contest, and leave a line of light. 9. Behead a lineage, and leave a unit. 10. Behead a molecule, and leave a masculine nickname. 11. Behead the name of the plant on which the cochineal bug feeds, and leave a precious stone. 12. Behead a small violin, and leave a pronoun. 13. Behead a ring of a chain, and leave a fluid. 14. Behead enraged, and leave degree. 15. Behead a knot, and leave a short poem.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a great explorer and navigator who was born in 1786.

M. TAYLOR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals mean joined; my finals, affirms. Each cross-word contains nine letters.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Being in unison. 2. Careless. 3. Microscopic animals found in water. 4. A scolding woman. 5. Finished with great care. 6. Glass bottles for holding wines.
"THE LANCER."

A CROSS PUZZLE.

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- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A masculine name meaning "red-haired." 2. To keep in order, as the feather of a bird. 3. A bright, dazzling light. 4. To expostulate. 5. Having the authority of a magistrate. 6. African quadrupeds. 7. Fissures. 8. Elevates. 9. A slave. 10. A

- coin. 11. An arbor. 12. A summary of Christian belief. 13. Pertaining to the principal city of the ten tribes of Israel. 14. Pertaining to the church.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a name sometimes given to Easter.
CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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* 12 * 1 * 11 *
* 13 4 * * 18 *
10 19 9 * * 7 *
* 2 14 * * * *
16 * * * * * *
* 17 * 6 * 15 20
* 8 5 * * * 3

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- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sheriff's deputy. 2. Originators. 3. A dosel. 4. Small singing birds found in Europe. 5. Footmen. 6. A number. 7. Able to pay all just debts.

The diagonals (from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, and from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner) will spell the name of a popular writer; and the letters indicated by figures (from 1 to 20) spell the name of one of her stories.

CLAIRE GIWRO.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in scissors, but not in knife
My second, in bagpipe, but not in fife;
My third is in bobbin, but not in spool;
My fourth is in jester, but not in fool;
My fifth is in April, but not in June;
My sixth is in mercury, not in the moon;
My seventh in carriage, but not in cart;
My eighth is in pudding, but not in tart;
My ninth is in settle, but not in chair;
My tenth is in leopard, but not in bear.

My whole a famous battle, as all of you must know—
It was fought by Santa Anna over fifty years ago.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a quotation from "The Leviathan."

My 25-41-7-53-20-49 is an absolute ruler. My 57-12-44-29 is to regard with care. My 33-68-63 is to trifle. My 31-47-38-28 is to keep afloat. My 26-14-65-56 is to lift. My 50-22-59 is a border. My 40-35-8-21-5 are vegetables. My 1-10-16-62 is erudite. My 45-6-3-70-43 is a fen. My 23-51-17-37-67-61 is to enumerate. My 48-19-46-58 is a pipe. My 66-2-30-69 is what Jacques met in the forest of Arden. My 36-60-32-39-42-55-34-11 are what Marcus Brutus would not "lock from his friends." My 9-18-54-4-24 is what Hamlet read. My 13-64-15-27-52 is what Iago told Roderigo to put in his purse.
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

